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IMPUDENCE.

BRYAN. — Won't you come under my umbrella?

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A MISANTHROPE.

BOWERY STAGGERS.—When a feller's down everybody tries to shove him down farder!

PELL MELL.—Huh! You talk like somebody 'd been offering you de Vice-Presidency!

SIMILAR HALLUCINATIONS.

THEM REMARKS of your'n kinder remind me of the theory held by an old chap that I stumbled up against while I was over at Allegash, day before yesterday," said shrewd old Farmer Hornbeak, addressing Lum Dunk, who had been getting the usual sort of Populistic pig-wash out of his system for the edification of the prominent citizens assembled on the shady porch of the tavern at Pettyville. "He has studied on the subject till he has convinced himself that the earth was created at fourteen minutes past two o'clock on the twenty-seventh day of October."

"Huh!" was the skeptical reply. "Don't he know enough to understand that there was n't any time till the beginnin' of time, and the first thing that happened had to happen on the first second of the first minute of the first hour of the first day of the first month of the first year? I sh'u'd think somebody 'd mighty soon convince him of his error!"

"Wa-al, it has been tried, but the decision of the public is that it

can't be done. You see, he is one of them fellers that believe, the same as you do, Lum, that if you take forty-seven cents'-worth of silver and call it a dollar the other fifty-three cents that ain't in it are in it, just b'cuz you think they are; and the whole thing is a complete 100-cent dollar for the simple reason that you call it so. Forty-seven is a hundred to him, just as it is to you, and less than one-half of anything is a perfect whole; and, if I had been in the business, b'durned if I could n't have sold him a gold-brick in fifteen minutes by just telling him to go ahead and think he wanted it!"

Tom P. Morgan.

SUPREME MORTIFICATION.

MAY.—Blanche nearly went into hysterics on the beach this morning.

JACK.—How's that?

MAY.—She saw a man with a camera admiring her bathing-suit so much that she posed for his special benefit for over half an hour.

JACK.—Well, what happened then?

MAY.—Why, she suddenly discovered that the camera was only one of those leather-covered lunch-boxes.

IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

BALFANN.—You were at the game yesterday, eh? Any close decisions?

BLEACHER.—Only in the third innings, when Muffles came home. The umpire's charge was strongly against him, but after being out only five minutes the jury brought in a verdict of "Safe."

TROUBLE.

The department store magnate was consulting with his chief architect regarding plans for a new building.

"How do you want the roof laid out?" asked the architect.

"I'm for having our golf links there," replied the great man; "but so many of our more sporty directors are kicking for a race-track I'm afraid we'll have to vote on it."

COULD USE A SLICE.

FIRST POLITICIAN.—It's all nonsense to say we don't want a slice of China. We need it in the worst way.

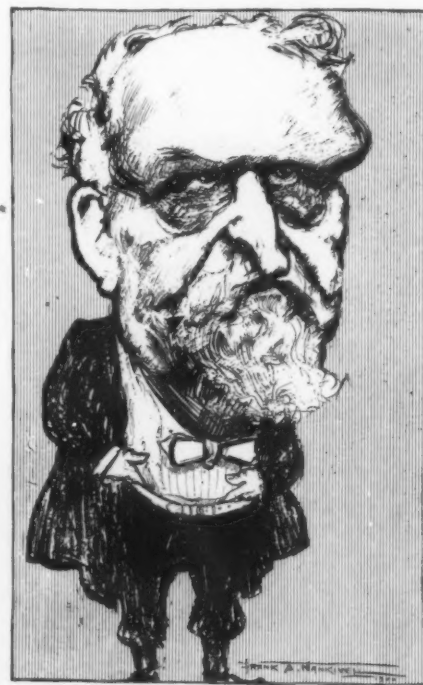
SECOND POLITICIAN.—What for?

FIRST POLITICIAN.—To placate some of the office-seekers.

PARIS.

"See Paris and die!" as the saying is."

"One might as well. He'll have nothing left to live on after seeing Paris this year."



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PUCKOGRAPHS. — LXVIII.

THE OFFICIAL PIPE-DREAMER OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

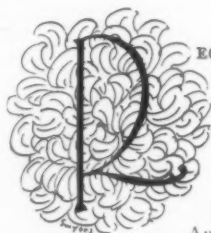


A LIBERAL AUTHORITY.

SHE.—Don't you think my chaperone is delightful?

HE (*a war correspondent*).—Very. There is no "press-censorship" about her!

SOME SOCIAL OBSERVANCES. THE RECEPTION.



RECEPTIONS are of the noon, afternoon, wedding and evening variety, but the common or idiotic form takes effect in the afternoon. It is generally held by a married woman without the consent of her husband, and for the purpose of getting even with every one she knows.

The first reception known was held in the Tower of Babel, but that was only the embryonic form of the function of to-day.

Any married woman can hold a reception, provided she has a husband who is unwilling, money enough, and enemies enough to snub. A husband who is entirely willing to allow his wife to hold a reception would n't be able to earn money enough to pay for it.

The idea of the reception originated in the barbaric feasts of our progenitors, where, when captives were killed, other tribes were asked in during the afternoon and evening to pick them to pieces. We have advanced since then. Now the picking to pieces is purely mental, although it still takes place on the spot.

A reception sometimes occupies two or three different days, so that the guests who do not care to meet may avoid each other. The hostess invites her enemies first, her friends next, and her poor relations last; after which she revises her list, crosses out the poor relations and adds more enemies.

Society reporters and waiters are sometimes seen at receptions, but no man was ever known to appear at one except the unwilling husband. He usually turns up about five minutes before

the close of the third act, and feels guilty for a week afterward to think that he allowed his watch to get ten minutes ahead.

The ideal reception is where the hostess is so rich and powerful that people she invites hate her so they do not dare stay away.

ONE WAY.

DASHAWAY.—Here's a funny case! I've got to write a letter of condolence to a man whose relative has died leaving him a fortune.

CLEVERTON.—Just tell him that you sympathize with him most keenly in his good luck.

HIS OPINION.

FRIEND.—Frankly, do you think a man with a delicate conscience can succeed as a lawyer?

LAWYER.—Oh, yes! But he would need a lot of brains to balance the conscience.

HER SUGGESTION.

MISS THIRTYSMITH.—Powder does n't seem to do my complexion any good.

SALLY GAY.—Try dynamite, dear.

SOME OF us are egotistical and the rest are more so.

BRIGHT CHILDREN out-grow their brightness, thus becoming fitted to be parents in their turn.

SOMEONE MADE the Devil a present of a church, which he declined with thanks.

"But I'll keep the pulpit," he said.



ON THE PENOBSCOT.

GUIDE.—Now, then! Aim between his eyes and pull the trigger!

* CHOLLY.—Y—Yes! And what then?

GUIDE.—Why, then I'll shoot him!



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A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT.

THE SUMMER MAN.—I'm afraid you are a coquette.

THE SUMMER GIRL.—Well, a coquette is n't always a coquette!

THE PLEASURES OF LUNACY.

HOWEVER MUCH critics may assert that lunacy is an undesirable attribute, it has some exceptional features which may well excite our envy and make us pause and consider its real claims.

To be a good healthy lunatic, and have it understood that you are, is an almost ideal state. A great many people border on lunacy, but either will not admit it, or keep it so dark that it crops out only at infrequent intervals. Thus they have to bear all

the troubles and annoyances incident upon sanity, when a few steps further in the right direction would remove the incubus.

Let us calmly consider what common or ordinary sanity entails upon its victim. Let us look this thing squarely in the face and not attempt to hide the truth. Sanity involves responsibilities and duties, which, when we stop to consider them, may well appall us.

Not only are we obliged to earn our daily bread, with all the inconvenience and loss of valuable time which that means, but we have also

is never lonesome, for he has himself. He can be anything he wants, not only within reason, but without. He can lie and swear and get mad and tear things to pieces and backslide and cut up to his heart's content and all without the slightest reproach. Nothing within the whole realm of fancy is denied to him. To a lunatic of even ordinary ability, a millionaire is the merest pebble on the beach of Time. He can be on equal terms with Jehovah and can make worlds while the keeper waits.

A lunatic creates his own heaven.

A MISCALCULATED WEIGHT;

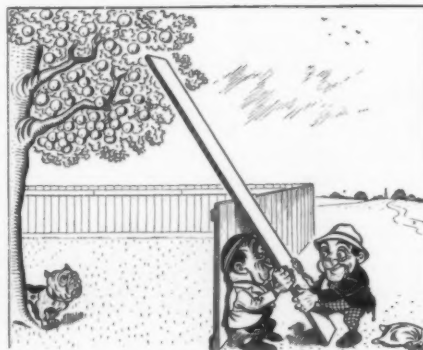
OR,

HOW THE GREED OF TWO THIEVES LED THEM INTO DIRE MISFORTUNE.

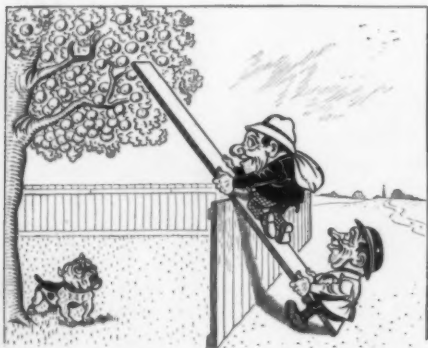
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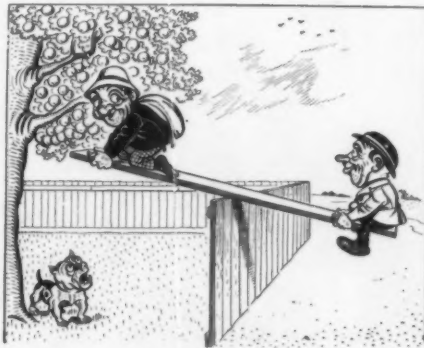
I.
THIEF.—Yes; I knows dere is a ferocious dog in de orchard, but I's got de game all fixed. Now, you do what I tells yer. Fust of all, we is both of de same weight to de ounce.



II.
"De next t'ing to do is to put dat board up against de fence so 's it 'll balance exactly. Dat's right!



III.
"Now, I'll take de bag and crawl up de board. Got de idea?"



IV.
"Up she comes; down she goes!



V.
"Steady! Steady! Let her settle!

HER TROUBLE.

ADA.—You see, I had a presentiment that something dreadful would happen.

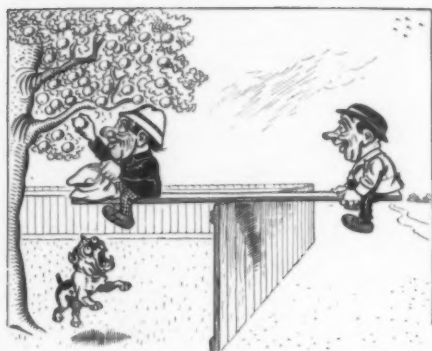
BLANCHE.—But, fortunately, nothing did.

ADA.—No; but it is so annoying! I told everybody I was sure something would.

AFTER ALL, Ambition is little else than a refined form of Greed.

SOME MEN have to waste so much time in making a living that they have none left to exist in.

PUCK.



VI.

"Now, all I's got ter do is to reach up and fill de bag."



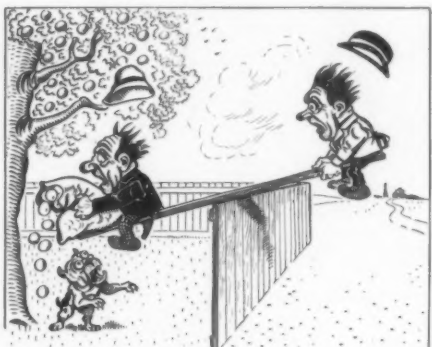
VII.

"I's got de bag half full already. Gee! dey're heavy!"



VIII.

THE OTHER THIEF. — Say, Bill, hurry up! Somet'in' 's gettin' der board out o' balance.
THIEF. — All right! Just a few more and I'll have it filled!



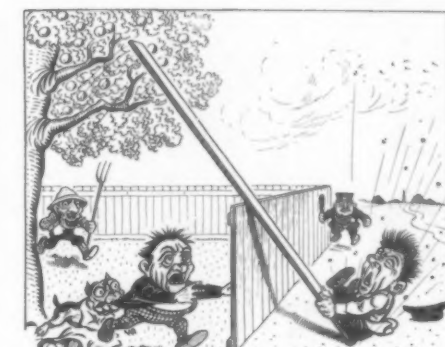
IX.

"Hully Gee! I fergot de extra weight of de apples."



X.

"——!——!!——!!!——!!!!——!!!"



XI.

THE OTHER THIEF. — But Bill must be strikin' it worse 'n me.

AN ABSTRUSE PROBLEM.

This life is full of mysteries —
They're sometimes dark and trying,
Yet few of us are positive
That death is worth the trying.

The world may be a sorry place —
Small satisfaction giving;
But are there any other worlds
Where we can make a living?

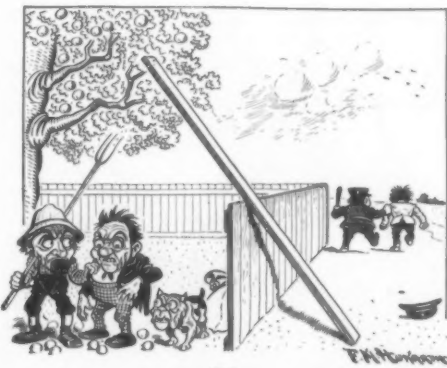
Frank Sawin Bailey.

LIMITATIONS.

The Agrarians beat their breasts.
"Alas!" they cry; "we can not deceive ourselves!"

They have been trying to organize a coöperative gold brick concern, thus to save middle men's profits.

Great is their chagrin upon discovering their inevitable limitations.



XII.

THIEF. — It's all right, Boss, I guess! I ain't no civil engineer 'r bridge-builder. I gives up.
THE OTHER THIEF. — Bill may be all right, but his schemes jar one so.

PREJUDICED.

One reason, it is understood,
Why Jinx to marriage does not take.
He thinks no girl will make as good
A wife as his mother used to make.

SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

MISS ETHEL (with a kodak). — Now, Uncle Jerry, look right at me and smile.

UNCLE JERRY. — Laws! Miss Ethel! any kind o' man is jes' boun' ter smile w'en he looks at you

THE ENTIRE PROBLEM.

HIS WIFE. — They are selling such lovely bric-à-brac!

THE HARLEMITE. — Well, the first question is, have we room for it; and the second is, can we afford it.

WOULD-N'T WAIT.

"Not this time, Professor! Fate may have a glass case in store for me but I'm not ready for it just now!"

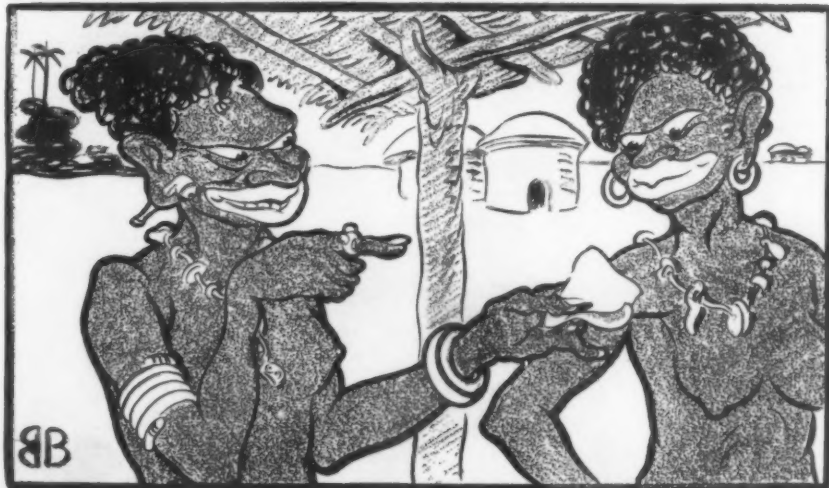
THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"Every time," said practical old Aunt Flatfoot, "I contemplate my niece Lavinia's shuckless, no-'count husband, who is too dratted lazy to get out of his own way and always puts off till the next day after never what ought to be done to-day, I feel that, after all, Mormonism, depraved as it is generally considered to be, and universally reprobated as it is, ain't as bad as it might be — 'tennyrate, it don't throw all the burden of supportin' a worthless husband on one woman."

BROOKLYN MANLINESS.

THE VISITOR. — What a manly little fellow he is!

THE BROOKLYN MOTHER (proudly). — Beyond his years! Why, every single day he takes his sister's doll for a carriage ride!



GRATITUDE.

NATIVE BELLE — How good of Mrs. Umbopo to send me this dress pattern!

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AN ESSENTIAL PART.

CASEY.—They say it's aiser swimming in salt wather than frish!
CASSIDY.—Thot 's a loi! Ut's a dom sight aiser shwallering frish wather than salt!

IN THE DARKEST SOUTH.

FIRST TRAVELER.—Dense population? Why, I understand it is n't over twenty to the square mile.
SECOND TRAVELER.—No; but some of it is pretty dense.

AN AMBITIOUS MOTHER.

"Sara, if you let our baby walk too soon he'll be bow-legged."
"Well, Sidney, I'd rather he'd be a trifle bow-legged than to have that ugly little youngster next door walk before he does!"

AGITATED.

ADA.—I hope he won't do anything rash!

ALICE.—Was he very much excited when you refused him?

ADA.—Extremely. He said he would commit suicide or die in the attempt.

HIS IDEA.

NEPHEW.—This hotel is run on the European plan—
UNCLE JOSH.—How 's that? Do they charge Americans twice as much as anybody else?

A MAN MAY be a mighty good sailor and still not be able to balance himself on the quarter-deck of the Ship of State.

OFTEN THE only difference between the laborer and his employer is that the former is a mere bread-winner while the latter is a mere dough-winner.



INVITATION DECLINED.

TOMMY TUFF.—Lady, would yer let little Willy come over and help us play ball?
LADY.—My son William knows nothing of ball!
TOMMY TUFF.—He don't need to, Lady! We only want ter spike him down on first base fer ter use as a base bag!

SUBURBAN NERVE.

SUBBUBS (*sternly*).—Bridget, did n't I tell you that if anyone came to borrow my lawn-mower to say that you did n't know where it was.
BRIDGET.—Shure, that 's jist phwat Oi towid th' gintlemin.
SUBBUBS.—And what did he say?
BRIDGET.—He said he knew, an' wint down in the cillar an' got it!

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

SHE.—Our minister is learning to play golf.
HE.—Has he—er—taken any precautions, you know?
SHE.—Yes; he has hired a deaf and dumb caddie.

SMALL TALK.

"What a horrible crush!"
"All the ice is half melted!"
"How she 's stayed, laced and belted!"
"It 's a horrible crush!"
"For the punch, such a rush!"
"One feels pommelled and pelted in this horrible crush!"
"All the ice is half-melted!"
W. L. W.

PAINFULLY SILENT.

"How do you pronounce the last syllable of 'butterine?'" asked the customer.
"You don't pronounce it, Madam; it is silent," stiffly remarked the butter-dealer, as he weighed her out six pounds of oleo.

IN THE MUSEUM.

"At any rate," said the Obese Lady, "you escape the ilis flesh is heir to."
And the Living Skeleton was forced to admit that he did.

ALL RIGHT AT PRESENT.

MISS LAKESIDE (*meeting a former friend while on an eastern visit*).
—I suppose you are glad to be able to say that you are from Chicago?

THE FRIEND.—
Yes; I'm glad to say that I'm from Chicago. Still, a man should n't boast. There's no telling how soon he may find himself back there again.

IN SULU.

"Enough for one," exclaimed the Sulu lover, "is enough for ten or fifteen!"
So they were married.
Certain delusions, it appears, are quite universal; conditions of climate and social usage serve merely to modify these.

IT is truly unfortunate that a man can not be good to his wife without being thought afraid of her.

PERHAPS, after all, there is such a thing as clothing the people of a tropical country with more rights than they can comfortably use.



PUCK.



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

BRYAN'S FOOL FRIENDS. THERE ARE some friends of Mr. Bryan that some of his other friends ought to gag. They are a cheerful lot, with eyes exclusively for the silver lining of every cloud and firm resolves to foresee no disaster. They even contend that Mr. Bryan's election would work no harm to the country. Of course, they are not singular among his friends in that. It is rather the reason they give for it that marks them off from the common run of Bryanites. For they are saying that Mr. Bryan, if elected, could do no damage, no matter how earnestly he wished to. That is, the Senate being safely Republican, would thwart any attempt of his to legalize the free-coinage of pig-silver. While this may be sound, as far as it goes, it strikes us as being an unhappy argument in Mr. Bryan's behalf. So far as history informs us, we have never yet elected a President for the harm he could not do.

EXPANSION NO NOVELTY. WE HAVE a presentiment that the thing has been said before. Nevertheless, here it goes again: History repeats itself. And not only in substance

but in detail, faithfully reproducing its old acts and sentiments with precisely the same mannerisms, tones and gestures. We have always been a race of expansionists; yet has our expanding always been done to the music of a dirge sung by a small choir of anti-expansionists. They have always been about the same in numbers, and their honest belief has ever been that each increase of territory sounded the death-knell of the Republic. The Pilgrim Fathers were ruthless expansionists, and the impulse has never waned in their descendants. The Thirteen United States of America have stubbornly and steadily expanded to—whatever the number is now; we've lost track, here lately—but never without the same old warnings of ruinous disaster. Florida, Texas, California, Alaska, remoter in the days of their acquisition than any spot on the globe is now—each was to be fatal to the Union. And as for that vast area included in what was known as the Louisiana Purchase, the richest and nearly the most important part of the present United States, the things that were said of it in Congress and the newspapers were something scandalous. Read to-day, they are pathetic. And they render the present anti-expansion cry trivial and ridiculous. It is well to remember that expansion is an old and well-tried process with us; and that, in the past, at least, it has invariably been salutary.

BUSINESS AND POLITICS. IN A late issue of the *Independent* our Comptroller tells of the corruption rife in New York under Tammany's system of government. He also makes it plain that the fault is not especially in Tammany, but in "machine government," regardless of what political party engineers the machine. But the title of his article is "Commercialism in Politics," and he means to indicate that commercialism is a bad thing in politics. "Commercialism has invaded politics," is the burden of his complaint. This is true; but Mr. Coler has neglected to point out that the only cure for the commercialism now in politics is more commercialism. At present it is one-sided, and on the side of the office-holder. The citizen has been made to believe that his interest in government is not commercial but purely sentimental, as related to one or the other of the grand old parties. When he does come to understand that his interest in good government is as purely commercial as the interest of the office-holder; that the city is a business corporation with whose affairs he is inseparably identified; that his welfare in almost every relation of the community-life is solely a matter of commercialism, dependent upon the wisdom with which he chooses his administrative officers, then there will be as little corruption in the municipal corporation as there is in the average business corporation. "Few men," says Mr. Coler, "enter modern politics for fame or honor. They are working for their own pockets all the time." Quite true; as true of ancient politics as modern, and as true of the other arts and sciences as of politics. It is con-

ceivable that a man might wish to be Mayor of New York for the honor of it; but a better Mayor will always be the man who wants the office for the money there is in it, precisely as he would want an executive position with any other corporation. And it is quite inconceivable that a man should wish to cart off the garbage of the city, or wield a broom on Broadway, or fill any of the other thousands of places demanding hard work, for the fame or honor of it. When we learn the truth of this, politics will be all commercialism, and we shall have the most efficient public servants in the market.

ON GETTING ALONG. TWO TYPICAL yet sharply differing Americans have lately passed out. One a man who perceived; the other a man who did; one a man of thought; the other a man of action; yet both possessing that ardent individualism that makes for free thought and fearless initiative, and which is peculiarly American, if anything be. "I had," wrote the late Senator Ingalls, "the right to build railroads or to go into Wall Street and wreck them; to invent the telephone; to write 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'; to mine for gold and silver; to concoct patent medicines; to corner petroleum; to bull pork and wheat like my contemporaries. The only thing I lacked was brains." Yet Ingalls did not lack brains; his native impulse simply led him other ways. Mr. Collis P. Huntington was undoubtedly the inferior of Ingalls in brain power. Yet he instinctively felt the opportunities that Ingalls saw, and his native impulse led him to them. He did what Ingalls saw that he might have done, so far as concerned any obstacle outside of himself. He demonstrated Ingalls's theory, and he did it with a vengeance. The wisdom and the way, respectively, of these men should be instructive to the young man of to-day. Not that either in his achievements is necessarily a shining exemplar. But they taught and demonstrated that the young man who thinks and works with an absolutely unwavering purpose along the line of his own native tendency, has nothing to fear from outside obstacles, political, industrial or social. A great deal is being said about the increasing difficulties in the way of young men, but never was there a ranker heresy. The conditions now, as ever, require only that the young man think and work hard to a single end. There are as many and as rich prizes as ever waiting for that kind of energy. "The real difference in men," wrote Ingalls, again, "is not in want of opportunity but in want of capacity to discern opportunity, and power to take advantage of opportunity."



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THE PROFESSIONAL WAY.

MISTRESS.—Does your policeman lover ever ask you for a kiss, Norah?

COOK.—No, indade, Mum! Whin a policeman see annything he wants he takes it widout asking!



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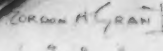
DECLINED WITH

THE ANTIS. — Here, take a dose of this anti-fat and
UNCLE SAM. — No, Sonny! I never did like any of



D WITH THANKS.

this anti-fat and get thin again!
did take any of that stuff, and I'm too old to begin!



Many a man thinks he is waiting for a leading of Providence when he is really too lazy to do any hustling for himself.

There is always some regret after a platonic affair; usually, that it *was* platonic.

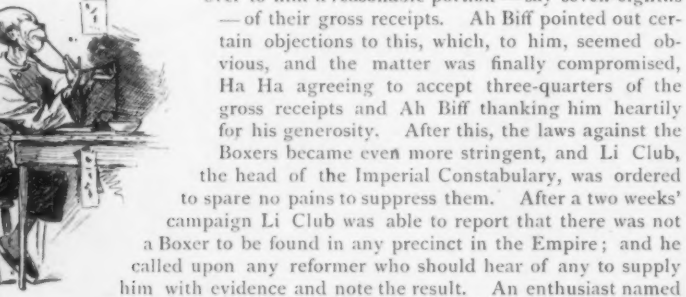
UNUSUAL.

"Why, it lacks contradiction!"

"They say the boss has alienated the labor vote."

THE TROUBLES IN CHINA.—III.

MY DEAR AH BOW WOW.—Ha Ha, the ward man, being a person of great simplicity and directness, opened the conference with the statement that the laws against the Boxers were very strict and must be enforced — unless they should agree to turn over to him a reasonable portion — say seven-eighths



The conferences of Ha Ha and Ah Biff became more frequent, and, at one of them, the leader of the Boxers asked if the Empress Dowager would care to see the approaching mill between Hen Jab and Yung Jolt for the lightweight championship of Pe-chi-li. Her Majesty was pleased to accept the invitation, and, with Li Hung Chang, Sheng, the Director of Railroads, Yung Lu and Prince Tuan, occupied a box on that now historic occasion. The Emperor, Kwang Su, begged to be allowed to go, and sobbed so bitterly when refused that the Empress was obliged to send him to bed without any supper.

A black and white cartoon illustration. A large, bearded man with a prominent nose, wearing a suit, a hat, and a cane, stands on a rocky outcrop. He is looking down at a crocodile that is partially submerged in a pond. The crocodile is looking up at the man. In the background, there is a small palm tree and some bushes. The artist's signature 'D. B. P.' is visible in the bottom right corner.

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THE CROCODILE.—Oh, come on in, and have a wallow!

Immediately after leaving Her Majesty, therefore, Ah Biff passed the word that thereafter the foreigners in China were to be used as punching-bags. This led to disturbances in the streets and eventually attracted the notice of foreign governments, as I shall endeavor to explain in my next letter.



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MRS. JACKSON.—Why, Mose begin whistlin' a cake-walk de odder day an' dat 's de result.

WHEN POLLY PLAYS CROQUET.

"The maid was fair and beautiful."—Ert. 11-7.



WHEN POLLY plays croquet
So winning is her way
And exquisite her skill,
The dancing balls in happy
flight
Go wild and dizzy with delight
To work her maiden will,
And roll in glee far off from me
And laugh at my dismay.
Alas! alack a day!
When Polly plays croquet.

When Polly plays croquet,
Did she but know, I lay
My heart at her dear feet,
And if she strike it or refrain
'T is hers to play with or disdain
For either would be sweet.
And if she take or if she break
I will not say her nay.
Alas! alack a day!
When Polly plays croquet.

E. S. Hopkins.

HER ESTIMATE.

"Tell me, Miss Thirty-smith," said the chronic procrastinator, preening his egotism in self-satisfactory anticipation, "what do you—aw!—honestly think of me?"

"My heartfelt opinion of you, Mr. Hangalong," desperately replied the maiden, who had angled and dangled until despair had succeeded hope, "is that you are a lobster! You—"

She spoke with the indifference of one who feels that there is nothing to lose.

"—are so everlastingly backward about coming forward!"

AN EPITAPH.

Here lies a man who never let
Profanity pass through him;
But, sad to say, he caused a lot
Among the folks who knew him!

AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

FIRST CITIZEN.—I know he has been accused of corruption, but a man should be presumed innocent until he's proved guilty.

SECOND CITIZEN.—Oh, nonsense! He's a politician.

THE LILY springs from mud; the tailor-made woman is the fruit of original sin.



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THE MAN'S IDEA.

MRS. CHURCHLEY.—We are going to give our dear pastor a thirty-day vacation! What do you think of it?

MR. CHURCHLEY.—Well, I think it would be better to let him take a day off every Sunday for thirty weeks!



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CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE GREAT MAN.—I thank thee, friend! It is pleasant to receive tokens from one's friends entirely unsolicited.

THE PLEBEIAN.—I am glad thou art pleased. Thy confidential man told me thou wert out for the stuff, but that it would be better to give it unsolicited.

OTHERWISE THEY WOULD SUFFER.

FIRST TAXPAYER.—I tell you, these city officials don't have much trouble earning their salaries.

SECOND TAXPAYER.—That's right. It's a good thing for them that overpay is n't as injurious as overwork!

WHERE FAME COMES IN OLD AGE.

JOHNNY HARDACRE.—Pa, what's a centenarian?

HIRAM HARDACRE (who reads the papers).—Why, a centenarian is an old man that has been takin' some particular kind of patent medicine.

HARD.

In riding on the wheel of Life,
The thing that bumps me most,
I have to pedal all the time
While others always coast.



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A VERSION.

We were not surprised to find among these simple pastoral people of the Far East a beautiful poetic version of the story of the fall of man.

In this it was related that when the Serpent saw Eve with her mouth full of pins, fitting herself to clothes, his heart smote him.

"Can I be of any service?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know!" faltered Eve, and blushed violently.

It was in this way, they naively said, that the garter snake had origin.

A WARM SPOT.

THE FLY ON THE CRANIUM.—O.O.O.O-h! It's so hot here that it nearly burns my feet off.

THE OTHER FLY.—Well, come off, you idiot! Don't you see you are standing on his bump of business? He is probably thinking of a fire.

FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW.

FIRST APE.—And some apes have developed into men?

SECOND APE.—So they say.

FIRST APE.—Well, thank goodness! some of us have escaped!

SOME PEOPLE in the swim are not better than the people in the average dive.

WHAT MAKES some people so irritating is the capacity they have for enjoying themselves.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE
LIST OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE PIANOS.

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Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom
5th Ave., cor. 22d St. in Greater New
York.

For Home Use

order a trial case of that
superior American product

GREAT WESTERN Champagne

It stands without an equal
as a tonic for the convalescent
or a refreshing beverage for
the well. Recommended by
physicians for its purity and
healthfulness, and by connois-
seurs for its exquisite bouquet.
The equal of imported, at much
less cost.

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Clubs, Cafes and Hotels.
Used in best homes.

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Sold by Respectable Wine Dealers Everywhere.

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Electrician, Architect.

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Established 1891. Capital, \$1,500,000.
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Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

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DEALER

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THEM

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FAMOUS

TRADE MARK

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HEALTH
UNDERWEAR

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BOOKLET TO

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TODD MFG. CO.
YPSILANTI, MICH.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.

SOLICITUDE.

"Henrietta," said
Mr. Meekton, anx-
iously, "how did I
do?"

"What do you
mean? I am the
one who made the
speech."

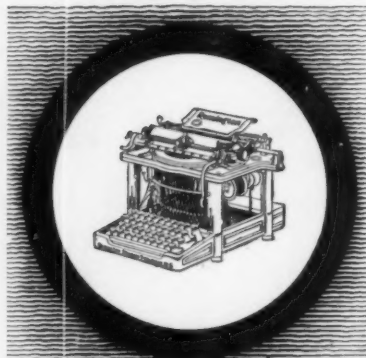
"Yes; but I ap-
plauded. I wanted to
know if I cheered in
the right places." —
Washington Star.

SHE. — Who has
charge of the puzzle
department in your
paper?

HE. — Why, the
business manager has
to raise the money to
pay off with, if that's
what you mean. —
Yonkers Statesman.

JONES. — Smith is
the most honest man I
ever saw.

BROWN. — Why?
JONES. — He can
pass a man selling
extras without trying
to read the head-lines.
— *Harvard Lampoon.*



For All Around
Merit — AT EVERY TIME
IN EVERY FEATURE
FOR EVERY PURPOSE
there is no Typewriter
that approaches the
REMINGTON

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, New York

EVASIVE.

GEORGE. — Did you
sell your horse for as
much as you paid
when you bought
him?

JOHN. — Well — er —
I sold him for as
much as he was worth
when I bought him. —
New York Weekly.

ALWAYS — as the
sun does — look at the
bright side of every-
thing. It is just as
cheap, and three
times as good for
digestion. — *Star of
Hope.*

WE are forced to
respect some people
who have been in jail
more than a lot of
people who have
never been there. —
Atchison Globe.

THERE are some
Christians who may
be pinched every-
where but in the
pocket without feel-
ing pain. — *Ram's Horn.*

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Club Cocktail

Before Your Dinner?



You can offer this polite
attention to the guest who
dines with you at your home
if you have a bottle of the
"Club Cocktails." They
are home Cocktails. They
are on the sideboards of
thousands of homes.

Are they on yours? It's
the proper thing to have.

The age of the "Club
Cocktails," the pure
liquors used, the perfect
blending, make them better
than you can mix; better
than any cocktail served
over any bar in the world.
Send home a bottle of Man-
hattan, Martini, Whiskey,
Holland or Tom Gin, Ver-
mouth on York, to-day.

For sale by all
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Hartford, Conn.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean
is to wash the excretions
from it off; the skin takes
care of itself inside, if not
blocked outside.

To wash it often and
clean, without doing any
sort of violence to it, re-
quires a most gentle soap,
a soap with no free al-
kali in it.

Pears', the soap that
clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially
druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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A HOPELESS CASE.

MRS. STRONGMIND. — Is she opposed to woman suffrage?

MRS. UPTODATE. — Worse! She has no views on the subject and won't talk about it!

No foreign substance enters into *Cole's Imperial
Extra Dry Champagne*. It's the pure juice of the
grapes naturally fermented.

Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, is a
muscle-maker, a health helper. Puts an edge on
appetite, takes the edge off all your ills. Ask for
Abbott's.

RED TOP RYE
THE WHISKEY
OF WHISKIES.



RED TOP RYE

IS GOOD for the blues as well as for many more material ills. Haven't you some kind of an excuse for testing it now?

Ferdinand Westheimer & Sons.
St. Joseph, Mo., Cincinnati, O.
Distillery: Louisville, Ky.

OF FINANCE.
If I could now retrace the track
Of my rash life's whirligig,
I'd like to call that epoch back
When a \$5 bill looked big.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

UNPROFITABLE GAME.
CITY SPORTSMAN.—Any game here?
JERSEYMAN.—Plenty o' snipe.
"Snipe! It does n't pay to hunt them. Too small."
"Too small ter cook?"
"Too small to hit."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

SOME things that are genuine are of no account. There is the case of genuine rye whiskey.—*Atchison Globe.*

THE wall paper trust died of old age. That is the way all of them will be killed by the politicians.—*Washington Democrat.*

"Do you expect to live forever?" asked the exasperated Chicago wife.
"Not with you, dear," was the amiable husband's reply.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

A GLOOMY PROSPECT.

MR. SUELL.—What are you crying for, Elsie?

HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER.—I've just read that the diamond mines may be exhausted in seven years, and it's eight before my coming out!—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

WE are not quite prepared to coincide with the editor of the Omaha *Svenska Journalen*, who declares "Ignatius Donnelly har mer an en tilldragit sig uppmärksamhet genom sin goda talformaga." Yet, looking at the matter from an unprejudiced standpoint, we must concede that Mr. Donnelly has needlessly laid himself liable.—*Washington Post.*



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cigarettes are the best Turkish cigarettes for sale in America.

No matter what Turkish cigarettes you have been in the habit of smoking, you will instantly notice the difference in quality when you try Egyptian Deities:—a rare mellowness and "body."

They have fullness and richness of flavor without being strong in the sense of being heavy—and for this reason are peculiarly acceptable to cigar smokers who do not ordinarily smoke cigarettes.

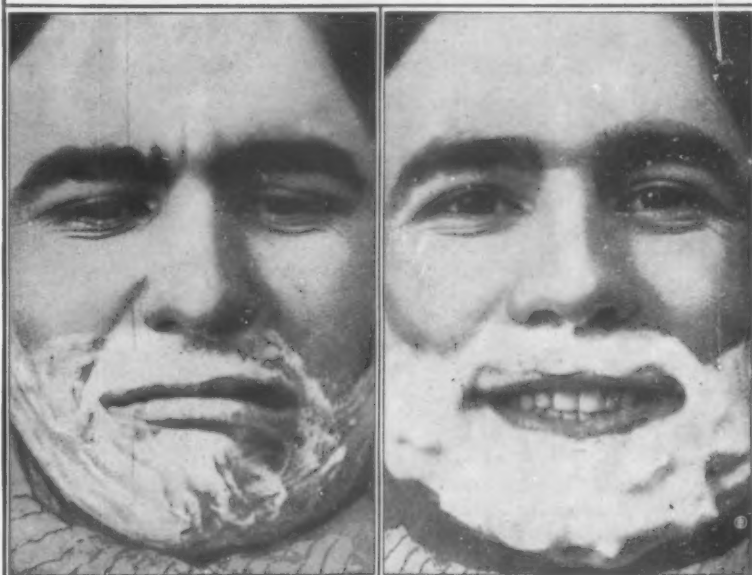
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Either size—No. 1, 35 cents, or No. 3, 25 cents—will be mailed to anyone, anywhere, on receipt of price (in postage stamps).

S. Anargyros (Inc.), 511 West 22d St., New York City.

FOR SALE AT ALL CLUBS, RESTAURANTS & HOTELS.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



This is how he looked when he tried a substitute for Williams' Soap, which his dealer urged upon him.

This is his expression when he had again procured the "Old Reliable" Williams' Shaving Soap.

DON'T be persuaded to buy something represented to be "just as good as WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP, and a little cheaper." The dealer may make a trifle more, but you'll be sad. Instead of the Big, Thick, CREAMY Lather, and the SOOTHED, REFRESHED, VELVETY FEELING of the face, that comes after shaving with WILLIAMS' SOAP, the chances are that you'll get one of the thin, frothy, quick-drying kinds that dull the razor and leave your face parched and drawn and smarting, if nothing worse.

IT DON'T PAY to take chances on SHAVING SOAP. 99 out of every hundred men will tell you that Williams' are the **ONLY PERFECT** shaving soaps.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers, and are sold everywhere.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts. Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cts. Williams' Glycerated Tar Soap, 15 cts.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for Toilet. Trial tablet for 2-cent stamp. By mail if your dealer does not supply you.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.

NO SPENDTHRIFT.

JUDGE.—You were begging on the public streets, and yet you had twenty dollars in your pocket.

PRISONER.—Yes, jedge; I may not be as industrious as some, y'r Honor, but I'm no spendthrift.—*New York Weekly.*



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HE EXPLAINS.

THE CITY MAN.—I suppose you sell the clams?

THE DIGGER.—Oh, yes! I ain't got appetite enough to eat 'em all, an' if I was just lookin' for recreation I could find somethin' more excitin'.

HOT WEATHER HINTS FOR THE MASSES.

(From "Hocus-Pocus," a Journal of the Home.)



HOSE WHOSE limited incomes prevent their spending all or a part of the heated term at mountain or seashore will find that the observation of a few simple rules, as here set forth, will enable them to get through the hot weather with almost as little annoyance as the more fortunate folk at the watering-places.

And especially are these rules formulated for the benefit of the toiling masses—the very poor, whose enforced condition of living renders them peculiarly susceptible to the discomforts involved in passing the entire Summer in a large and crowded city.

The matter of proper clothing is of the first importance. For women, the later styles of imported French bareges make very suitable warm weather gowns, while grenadines and organdies are always com-

fortable. For men, linens, serges and the better grades of crash should invariably be adopted. The shirt-waist for men is a sensible innovation, especially in the cases of those engaged in outdoor occupations, such as hod-carriers, stevedores and coal-heavers.

Always stay where there is a breeze. If there is no breeze, as will sometimes happen, go out to the ball park and get in among the fans.

Rushing up and down a good speedway in an automobile is a very efficacious way of cooling off on a still evening.

Never needlessly exert yourself. Should you wish any little service performed, such as flipping hot cigar ashes off your light trousers, it is always better to ring for a servant, even though a slight delay be thus involved.

Drink freely of iced champagne and light wines. The low price of ice, and the willingness of dealers to supply it in all quantities to suit, places this commodity within the reach of everyone.

Never sleep more than fourteen in a room. All scientific authorities now agree that a certain amount of heat is given off from the human body. Consequently, when a number of people occupy the same apartment, the temperature is likely to be raised.

Don't get into the habit of spending stifling evenings in your room or upon the street. Visit some first-class roof-garden; the air is better, and the adjunct of really good music is calculated to make you forget the heat.

When all else fails, remember that such trifling details as a porcelain-lined bath, an electric fan, and a ten-cent box of sea-salt may be so combined as to furnish a very fair imitation of a rock-bound New England coast during a September gale.

A mere glance at the above rules should certainly convince the most incredulous that, properly observed, they are calculated to make the hot weather a great deal more bearable, especially in the slums, or tenement districts.

W. S. Adkins.



STUCK FOR THE DRINKS.

OFFICER DOYLE.—Th' roundsman caught Duggan, wan noight lasht wake, wid a glass av beer in front av him.

OFFICER KELLY (a new recruit).—And phwat did it cosht Duggan—his job?

OFFICER DOYLE.—Naw — another nickel!

Never Causes Biliousness

You have drunk beer that caused a bilious headache. Perhaps you think that all beer does.

The cause of biliousness is the lack of age—too much haste to put the beer on the market. To ferment beer thoroughly requires a process of months. Without it the fermentation takes place in your stomach. That is the cause of biliousness.

Hurried beer is unhealthful.

Schlitz beer is kept for months in refrigerating rooms with a capacity of 265,000 barrels—kept almost at freezing point until it's well fermented.

Schlitz beer is never marketed until thoroughly aged.



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SOLD EVERYWHERE IN 5¢ PACKAGES ONLY.

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C. F. GUNTER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

TWENTIETH CENTURY ENTERPRISE.

MR. JOLLY.—Emma, when you are a young woman I shall marry you.

EMMA (aged six).—Well, you athk Papa right away, tho I can wear the diamond ring to Thunday-thechool tomorrow.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

SOME people have a way of finding the little good there is in you, and encouraging it, but the majority find your devil and nag him.—*Atchison Globe.*

HAVE YOUR CYCLE FITTED WITH THE MORROW COASTER HUB BRAKE

RIDE 50 MILES AND PEDAL ONLY. WHEEL ALWAYS UNDER CONTROL.

ECLIPSE MFG. CO., ELMIRA, N. Y.

Have ter git up early if you darlies wants to see Better lookin' couple than Lucindy Ann an' me. Bofe got sick an' bilious, an' we thought we gwine ter die— Took some Ripans Tabules, and dey made de mas'ry fly! Neber seen such medicine for ailin' folks to take— Fixed us for de cake walk—course we took the cake!

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Use the **Great English Remedy**

BLAIR'S PILLS

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

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The tour will leave New York 7.55 A. M., and Philadelphia 12.20 P. M., Saturday, September 15, in charge of one of the company's tourist agents, and will cover a period of five days. An experienced chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies, will accompany the trip throughout. Round-trip tickets, covering transportation, carriage drives, and hotel accommodations, will be sold at the extremely low rate of \$25 from New York, \$24 from Trenton, \$22 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents, Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. L. L. Lebanon, Ohio.

THE SERAPH IN THE CHOIR-LOFT.
When the pastor discourses on neighborly love,
And with an uplifted hand gestures,
As he reference makes to the seraphs above,
I note, clad in Summer's white vestures,
A seraph earth earthy that habits this sphere
Mundane, who quite meets my desire,
A sly little flirt that I've learned to hold dear—
The pastor's own girl in the choir.
—Detroit Free Press.

THE COOK.—I do be thinkin' we women should vote.
THE CHAMBERMAID.—Shure, ye forgot ye'd had to live in one place for thirty days.—Yonkers Statesman.

JUST WHAT SHE WISHED TO HEAR.
MISS KNOWLTON (exhibiting her engagement ring).—What will you charge me for a stone to match that one?
JEWELER.—My dear Miss, it would be very hard to match it perfectly and might cost you five hundred dollars.—Jewelers' Weekly.

A WOMAN works hard cleaning up the house all day, and all the difference an unappreciative husband sees is that the sewing machine stands where the organ used to be.—Atchison Globe.

AFTERTHOUGHTS.
A good many of the things that we have missed add materially to our happiness.—Indianapolis News.

Alois P. Swoboda teaches by mail, with perfect success, his original and scientific method of Physiological Exercise without any apparatus whatever and requiring but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring. By this condensed system more exercise can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

It is the only natural, easy and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development and elasticity of mind and body.

ABSOLUTELY CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION,

and revitalizes the whole body.

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ALOIS P. SWOBODA,

34-36 Washington Street, CHICAGO, ILL.



NO ACCOUNT.

FIRST MAN (on big wagon).—Hullup! Hullup! You'll run over that policeman.

SECOND MAN.—That ain't no policeman; it's only a feller in a blue suit. G'lang!—New York Weekly.

A NEW JERSEY man was killed the other day by the explosion of a beer bottle. Here is a temperance lecture with a coroner to it.—Washington Post.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,

PAPER WAREHOUSE,

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It Fits the Leg

Fits best because best shape; easiest to adjust. The most comfortable garter a man can wear—BRIGHTON Silk Garter. Flat, nickel clasp and trimmings, pure silk elastic web. All colors, newest patterns. 25c. pair at furnishes or by mail.

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715 Market Street,
Philadelphia.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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Men or Women by novelty, Waterproof Campaign Kneeties. Goods entirely new and patented. Agents delighted. Sales unlimited. What others do, you can do. Time is short. Write to-day and secure exclusive territory. Guaranteed best seller. Address with stamp.
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THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE,

Agents' Department, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.



ADAM AND EVE'S DIFFICULTIES.

MRS. SIMIAN (in disgust).—I should think you would be ashamed to associate with those new animals over there.

MR. SIMIAN.—But, my dear, they are very pleasant!

MRS. SIMIAN (with a sneer).—They may be pleasant enough, but just think how new they are!

VOCIFEROUS.

One circumstance deludes the throng
And hinders earth's delight.
A man talks louder when he's wrong
Than when he's in the right.
—Washington Star.

FIXING THE BLAME.

"Here, boys, stop that! What are you fighting about? Who's to blame?"
"I guess it's Willy Gumlick, sir."
"Eh? Why do you blame Willy? He does n't look like a fighting boy."
"No, sir; but he must have started it just the same, sir."
"Why do you say he must have started it?"
"Because his father is a missionary, sir!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE ORIGIN OF IT.

An editor of olden time,
Who was most wondrous wise,
In setting forth his thoughts sublime
Used up ten fonts of I's.
Then, finding that his I's were out,
Used W and e,
That's why we have to-day, no doubt,
The editorial "We."
—Catholic Standard and Times.

WHEN a mean trait in a person can not be explained in any other way, people are usually charitable and call it "human nature."—Washington Democrat.

People who take Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters in the Spring don't suffer from chills and fever and malaria in July and August. Beware of poisonous domestic substitutes.

Chicago's Theater Train—12.10 Midnight—NEW YORK CENTRAL.



I.
THE PROFESSOR.—What have you got there, my good man?
WANDERING WILLY.—Why, I've caught de most beautiful butterfly you ever set your two eyes on; wid wings as big as me hand.



II.
THE PROFESSOR.—Is it large, golden-brown with purple spots surrounded by white, red and yellow lines? Yes? Good! Eureka! At last I have found the long-sought addition to my collection. My man, I will give you a dollar for your prize!



III.
"But, Goodness me! I have nothing in which to carry it safely home."
WANDERING WILLY.—Say Boss, I knows where dere's a empty cigar-box over dere in de woods. Just hol' me hat, so's de bird don't git away, an' I'll go fetch it.



IV.
"Oh! by the way! You might lend me your hat an' umbrella; I can't walk out dere in dat hot sun widout no hat on me head. Dat's it! Thanks!"



V.
THE PROFESSOR.—Ah! my beauty! My long sought-for prize! How I long just to peep at you; but I will resist the temptation for fear of your escape. I will await the man's return with the cigar-box!



VI.
"Dear Me! I wonder what has become of that man? Here I have been waiting an hour and he is not yet in sight! I grow impatient to see my prize. I shall take a cautious peep."



VII.
(As he raises the hat).—"Great Parallelipedons! Sold! Holding down nothing for an hour! Hat gone! Umbrella gone! Oh, my Scholastic Nature!"



VIII.
WANDERING WILLY (after reaching distant town).—Say, waiter, I'll have one of dem feeds; but instead of wine make it four quarts of beer. Be careful of dat hat an' umbrella; dey was given me by a pertickler fr'en'.